



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE PIPER, BY PADDY SCOTT.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE morning sun with feeble glow,
Had tinged proud *Sawell's cap of snow;
And, scarcely felt, its influence shed,
On Spireen's dark and rugged head;
And stupidly appeared to stare,
Uncheering through the foggy air;
And, frostbound in the face of sky,
Seem'd Polyphemus' glaring eye.
On heath'ry hill and crowded town,
The fleecy snow came feathering down;
And all was calm and still;
And tho' 'twas dark December's day,
And winter held his sullen sway,
No sound was heard of murmuring breeze,
To shake the snow-fledged leafless trees,
Nor torrent from the hill.

II.

The lively warblers of the grove,
No longer piped their songs of love;
But silent sat on naked spray,
And shivering lingered out the day;
Or, hid each head beneath the wing,
They long'd for sweetly smiling Spring;
Or hopt familiar round the shed,
To pick the crumbs of breakfast bread,
That kindly hands had strew'd before
The window, or the kitchen door.

III.

The Piper on his lowly bed
Awoke, and scratch'd his shaggy head;
And starting up from short repose,
He quickly donn'd his worsted hose,
And eke his raiment all;
And roaring hoarse, like mountain linn,
Soon roused the sleepers all within—
So fiercely did he bawl:
The night had heard his merry lay,
Nor ceas'd it till the opening day
Had wide dispersed the crowd;
Who danc'd the while, and laugh'd and
sung,
Till pots, and pans, and kettles rung,
And balderdash was freely flung,
From whiskey's wild unbridled tongue,
Unceasingly and loud.

* This and other Mountains mentioned, are in the N. W. parts of County Derry.

IV.

His frame was bony, stout, and tall,
But form'd for active feats withal;
And few he met in boozing brawl
Could force his back against the wall,
Or gain his ground an inch;
And he would fly with lightnings' speed,
To raise his arm for friend in need,
And help him at a pinch.
Free had he roam'd the country thro',
And every Cot and Castle knew;
And gentle dame, and village crone,
Had heard his willing Bagpipe's drone;
And many a legend tale had he
For sober age, or youthful glee;
And still throughout his native land,
Met welcome's voice, and friendship's hand.

V.

His Pipes, the source of mirth and fun,
Were carried by his Sister's son;
A hardy, ragged, reckless wight,
Almost his Uncle's sole delight:
Who wont to gaze upon the boy,
Till down his nose hopt tears of joy:
And then with upturn'd eyes would swear—
“Come weal or woe, come joy or care,
We'll never, never parted be;
But thro' the world together roam,
The same, our bed and board, and home,
Till mute my pipes shall be.

VI.

“And then, when all my spree is o'er,
And Fairs and Football please no more;
When, pale and cold, they lay my head
In silence on my lykewake bed,
Oh let my friends the keenagh raise,
And tell my feats of youthful days!
Then freely let the pottéen flow,
To check the bursting sob of wo:
And, as along the Chapel road,
That takes me to my last abode,
They closely move in thick array,
Loud, loud be heard my music's play:
'Twill cheer my Spirit on its way—
This my dear Owen I leave to you;
You know what to my love is due.”

VII.

Eager he drain'd his morning cup;
His morning meal soon gobbled up;
And Owen quaff'd his sparkling glass;—
Such *sacred* rite did never pass
Neglected and unpaid;
But soon as each from bed arose,
The usquebaugh was at his nose,
And benison was said.

VIII.

Now out they sallied side by side,
To traverse hill and valley wide;
For on that short and wintry day,
Before them stretch'd a dreary way,
O'er mountain steep, and narrow pass,
And thro' the deep unseen morass;
Where, springing free from sinewy leg,
They bounded light from hag to hag;
Or skimm'd the trembling sheskin* o'er,—
The fearless Piper still before,
His Mourneen's† steps from ill to guard,
For as his life he lov'd his ward.

IX.

Why did the Piper leave the roof,
Where stranger ne'er was kept aloof;
Where niggard hand ne'er bang'd the
door
Against the traveller rich or poor?—
He too, who could thro' all the land,
A home, and meat and drink command;
Whose step was hailed with joyful tongue;
Whose varying lay pleased old and young,
And waken'd mirth and glee;
Who with his song, and pipe, and tale,
As whim and frolic might prevail,
Was never known, at need, to fail,
Midst rout and revelry.—

X.

Why did he leave the friendly hearth,
Where all was welcome, joy, and mirth,
To plod through trackless hill and glen,
Where fled the hare from ruthless men?—
Now welt'ring thro' the treach'rous snow,
Now bogging in the mud below;

Now from the scaur with fearful squash,
Down sousing in the pool slap-dash;
Then springing up with furious bound,
And, firmly fixt on surer ground,
With angry stamp, and jerk, and spirt,
Scatt'ring around him damp and dirt.

XI.

Oh, little did Macdonagh care;
To him alike came foul and fair,
When gambols call'd him out;
Light was his heart, and firm his frame,
And burn'd his rolling eye like flame,
To join the wassail rout;
And ne'er to merrier meeting, he
Had plied his art of minstrelsy,
Than that which urged him now:
And he had sworn by book and bell,
(†Saint Shane O'Heany shield us well!)
That they should hear both Pipe and lay,
From evening's close till morning day,—
Nor would he break his vow.

XII.

That day of joy had Brian-Dick-Dhu,
Brought home his Norah fair and true;
And all their kindred far and near,
Came coshering there to taste his cheer;
And Brian's heart was big with pride,
To see from dale and mountain side
His friends fast gath'ring come;
And Norah too look'd proudly round,
When rose the wild and clam'rous sound,
Of this her welcome home.

XIII.

Now on the hardy travellers wend,
And 'gainst the hill their breasts they bend;
Or, shooting from its top, descend
And fearless forward go.
Now round Manard with lighter step,
And, thro' Glen-Auglish, narrow gap,
O'er Mullagh-hash they hurry on;
By Tobrid's side they're past and gone,
And gain the vale below;
When, bursting on their gladden'd view,
Arose the home of Brian-Dick-Dhu.

* Quagmiro.

† Term of endearment.

‡ A Saint of wonder working memory, in the district where the scene of this Poem is laid.

XIV.

Forward the stout Macdonagh rush'd,
And Ow'ny close behind him push'd—
But what a yell of joy arose,
When in he poked his frosty nose!
What deaf'ning peals of loud huzzas,
From quiv'ring mouths and gaping jaws!
"Cead-Mille-Faltagh" roar'd aloud,
By every tongue in all the crowd!—
Now soon before the blazing fire,
He free'd himself from moss and mire,

And twinkt his eye, and gaily laugh'd,
As deep the meather-cup he quaff'd,
Which took its mirth-inspiring round,
Ere yet the board was spread;
And then no milk-sop dare be found,
To turn askew his head.
For such the practice I have seen;
And such the custom still I ween;
To take a swig of good potteen,
To make the stomach sharp and keen,
Before they tasted bread.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

ON RAILWAYS.

IN the first Number of the Magazine, we laid before our readers a short article on railways; and adverted to the advantages that might probably result from their establishment, on an extensive scale, particularly in this country. In the remarks which we offered, we had no idea of recommending any measure that would interfere with the interests of any establishments, at present existing in this country: we merely recommended the formation of railways in districts which are at present destitute of any adequate means of internal communication; and we conceive that no subject can form a fairer ground for discussion. Every such discussion, indeed, if properly conducted, will tend, whatever views the writer may advocate, to throw additional light on the merits of the question, and to enable the public to judge how far the intentions of those who wish to introduce railways, are to be countenanced and supported. Companies and individuals, either caught with the novelty of the proposed measures, or influenced by prospects of emolument, may exaggerate the advantages to be derived from the plans in contemplation; while others, viewing the subject through a different medium, may be as decided in their opposition to the same measures, and may excite prejudices against them, in the minds of those who may have it in their power to advance or obstruct the intended projects. In England and Scotland, the most determined and systematic opposition has been given to the extension of railways, chiefly by those who are connected with canals, as they conceive that the new measures may interfere with their immediate interests; and we cannot be surprised, should a similar feeling manifest itself in this country. Should this be the case, we trust that all the proceedings and discussions will be conducted, on both sides, in a candid and decorous manner, and with due respect to the opinions of others.